# The Commonweal

*February 15, 1952*


## Middle East Dilemma

*Andrew Boyle*

## Buckley's Attack on Yale

*Leo R. Ward*

BERTRAND SCHNEIDER • GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN • HANS SAHL
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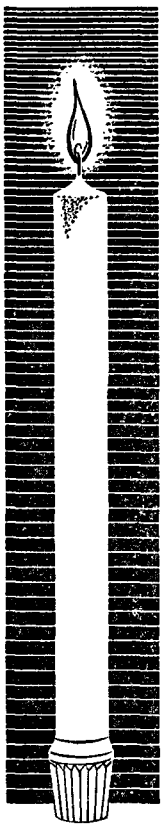

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# THIS WEEK


Week by Week 459

East German Refugees II
*by Bertrand Schneider* 463

Dilemma in the Middle East
*by Andrew Boyle* 465

Picking Your Founding Father
*by Francis Downing* 467

"Funny People These Italians"
*by Gunnar D. Kumlien* 469

The Stage
*by Walter Kerr* 470

The Screen
*by Philip T. Hartung* 471

Of Note 472

Buckley's Attack on Yale
*by Leo R. Ward* 473

Books 475



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The Commonweal

## WEEK BY WEEK

### *The Vote in India*

MORE than one political observer yielding to the human tendency to oversimplify, has declared that India is today in the same situation that China was before the Chinese Communists began their big advance. The moral is plain: let us not muff the ball a second time. The over-all parallel is not too close, but what is pertinent in this analysis is that the definitive character of the new nation of India has not yet crystallized.

That this is so is well illustrated by the results of the extraordinary general elections taking place throughout that vast and populous land the past few weeks. The incumbent Congress Party of Mr. Nehru appears to have won a clear majority of seats and will be able to form governments in most of the individual Indian states. But it is not a clear-cut electoral victory and the figures reveal grave weaknesses in certain key localities.

The Congress Party failed to win a big enough majority to govern India by itself. And as the Indian Socialists and other parties of the moderate Left made such a dismal showing, it will have to act in greater concert with center and rightist independents than its natural proclivities would normally permit.

On the other hand the Communists made a strong showing—especially in certain areas such as Travancore-Cochin, where the literacy rate is as high as anywhere in India. The Communists, in fact, constitute the organized opposition. Mr. Ajoy Kumar Ghosh, Secretary General of the Indian Communist Party, has reduced his estimate of the period his party will need to come to power from fifteen to five years, as a result of the election. Just now he promises to work for this object and a new "democratic" constitution by legal means.

The biggest organized political pressure on India's present form of government, however, would seem to come from without. The Mao forces have taken over Tibet and press upon tottering Nepal. The USSR is gradually increasing its own pressure: it supports India against Pakistan in the Kashmir question; it wants Nehru to come to Russia for an extended tour; it offers India badly needed industrial equipment on most attractive terms.

When all this is set against the continued wretchedness of the restive Indian masses, it would seem that something has to give. There are many factors in the present Indian set-up that directly produce much of the basic difficulty. Politically there is the armed hostility against Pakistan; it is likewise true that certain essential Indian food acreages have been converted to producing cotton for export. There is also exaggerated respect of the Hindu for animal life, which permits locusts to ravage fields unchecked and sacred cattle and monkeys by the millions to skirmish about, carrying out their extensive depredations of crops. There are the millions deprived of jobs by caste discriminations; the custom of child marriage constantly increases the pressure of population upon limited food resources.

All these handicaps are admitted. The task of saving lives and improving the living standards of so many millions is a stupendous task. There are plenty of factors which make it excessively costly. India hardly serves as a model of self-help. But the victims of this system are none the less fellow-human beings for all that. And the fate of the world will be no less affected by the eventual direction that India takes.

The victory of the Congress Party, such as it was, creates an interval to work in. It gives time to extend needed credits and the sort of technical assistance in industry and agriculture that has already shown that it will produce results. There is an interval, but its span is limited. A gigantic reconstruction demands to be accomplished (or at least be well begun) in a few short years. Yet



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the three hundred million dollars a year estimated by Ambassador Bowles is comparatively moderate as the American contribution. This would appear to provide the only way of making it reasonably certain that India, for all her present neutralism, will become a well-established political democracy that takes her stand at the side of freedom and the West.

### *The Weapon of the Press*

THE appalling set-up on the New York waterfront, as John C. Cort has forthrightly described it in these pages in recent months, did not come into being overnight. This is admitted by all hands—accusers and accused. It has gradually solidified into a seemingly impregnable kingdom against which even our federal government is unable, or unwilling, to take action. It has suborned the city police and the municipal government. Virtually everyone doing business in the world's busiest port—including the biggest companies—is forced to pay regular tribute to gangsters and racketeers. Even the big metropolitan dailies, which are dependent upon shipping for their newsprint, have for the most part consistently remained silent.

Individual longshoremen have found themselves even more helpless than the community as a whole. Their very livelihood has been dependent upon unquestioning obedience to the mobsters who rule many of the piers. The infamous and outdated shape-up has made them hew the line, particularly as there seldom seems to be enough work to go round. Their union locals have been run in such a high-handed fashion that they fail to provide the membership with the minimum of protection. Some of the locals go for years without a meeting and the officers make no accounting for their funds.

Since the dock workers themselves have been unable to revolt effectively against the brutal hand clamped down upon them and the big shipping and other companies were unwilling to take up the challenge, there has been no effective opposition. The public-spirited citizens who have sought to establish a living wage, safety of life and limb and unraided enterprise along the waterfront have invariably found their recourse to law blocked by higher-ups in office who had some link with the kingdom.

America's largest city—sad as it is to admit it at this advanced stage of human progress—has found no direct way of attacking these great evils. The only weapon that remains is the indirect method of publicity—provided that publicity is so searching that the identity and misdeeds of the ruler of this racket-ridden, blood-stained kingdom—and of his henchmen—are made known to all. For one of the greatest bulwarks of the power that William McCormack has built up on the New York waterfront, with the help of Joseph P. Ryan and others, was that, until very recently, its extent was virtually unknown.

That will explain the importance of the two-part article of Lester Velie in the February 2 and February 9 issues of *Collier's*. It constitutes an opening big gun in a series of revelations that may enable decent union and civic elements to clean up the waterfront. Public demand for a clean-up is now certain to grow in this election year.

The men on the firing line themselves will take heart as a result. The feeling is already growing that it is at last possible to take a stand against hoodlum union bosses. For, at last, publicists like Mr. Velie are naming names. Once these leaders are shorn of the power to terrorize, their principal weapon, much that is constructive can be begun. Longshoremen will be able to engage in normal union activity—and on occasion to oppose the bosses—without fear for their lives. It has already been suggested that a special body be established to hear port workers' grievances against their own unions. There is agitation for laws that would forbid the shape-up. Public investigations are becoming more thoroughgoing.

The road ahead is a long one. But if the searchlight of publicity can be brave and sustained enough, the port of New York may be set on the road toward its own regeneration.

## NEXT WEEK

THEODORE MAYNARD writes from personal experience on being a Catholic writer.

"In case I may seem to dwell too much on the trials and tribulations of a writer's life, let me say that these are outweighed by the rewards. Needless to say I do not mean the material rewards . . . I am firmly of the opinion that a Catholic who intends to write should also have a job that gives him a monthly pay check. . . . Even Bishop Sheen and Mr. Fulton Oursler have jobs, and the popularity of Kathleen Norris and Frances Parkinson Keyes has little to do with their being Catholics."



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## *Time for a Decision*

IN THE field of foreign affairs we have recently moved one decisive step forward while simultaneously unofficial prompters in the wings have been loudly urging us to take several long steps backward. On the positive side, this country joined Great Britain and France in warning Russia and Communist China against any further aggression in Southeast Asia. Lest an attack like that on Korea be repeated, there has been considerable sentiment for what is called "drawing a line." To a certain limited extent this is what we have now done.

Speaking, as he put it, "on instructions from my government," American delegate John Sherman Cooper informed a meeting of the UN Political Committee that any aggression in the crucial Asian area would be "a matter of direct and grave concern which would require the most urgent and earnest consideration by the UN."

To a layman, this statement may sound like the mildest declaration of intentions, but diplomats have a language of their own, and the declaration is widely construed as a pointed warning to Communist China and Russia that any further aggression in this area will be met by force.

Many people who recommended some such statement were disappointed by the general nature of the actual declaration. They would have preferred us to name names and to specify definite countries on an explicit "cross this line and we fight" basis.

A certain degree of caution on the part of our official representatives, however, is understandable enough. Any list of protected nations would be a little like an umbrella on a crowded street: very convenient for those under the shelter but a potential danger for those outside. Countries not specified on our list might well feel somewhat naked, alone and vulnerable, and the governments of those countries might reasonably claim that the United States had as good as invited Soviet aggression against them with no fear of serious resistance.

Under these circumstances, even though it is essential that our own planners decide in advance what we can and must defend, drawing a line in international affairs is considerably more complex than it at first appears. For this reason the joint public warning by the United States, Great Britain and France may be as much as can be managed at this time, even though couched in somewhat general terms. As such it represents a definite step forward.

On the negative side, the recent address on foreign policy delivered by Herbert Hoover again urges us to step back and think the whole thing over. Echoing the speech he made two years ago, which set off what was called the Great Debate, Mr. Hoover stressed his concept of defense of the Western Hemisphere as the Gibraltar of freedom, expressed belief that the real deterrent to war may be found in our highly mobile air and sea forces, and said United States troops should be withdrawn from Western Europe A cardinal point in Mr. Hoover's reasoning, and one apparently shared by Senator Taft, is the belief that we are over-extending ourselves and inviting economic collapse.

Even though Mr. Hoover's avowed and laudable purpose is to spur European nations into doing more for themselves, these views, plus his insistence that the United States is overly excited about the prospect of Communist aggression in Europe and his failure to mention any non-military economic assistance to European countries as an aid to resisting Communism, add up to a disquieting total. World events may have rudely ended the pre-Pearl Harbor argument in its pure form, but nagging attempts to emasculate our present foreign policy here, there and everywhere are frequently hard to distinguish from the old-time isolationism.

To the extent that Mr. Hoover's opinions are shared by the Republican nominee for the Presidency, foreign policy will necessarily be the most important issue in the coming campaign. Our basic foreign policy has been argued for a long time, but any debate, even what Mr. Hoover apparently envisions as a Great Debate, must come to a close sooner or later. Although some disagreement is to be expected, a certain minimum unity on national foreign policy is essential. The next election should settle this long-standing debate, or history may put a period to the discussion for us.

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*THIS week* THE COMMONWEAL *welcomes James O'Gara as its new Managing Editor. Mr. O'Gara served with the infantry in New Guinea during World War II, and is one of the founders of* Today. *Previous to joining our editorial staff he had been editing a magazine for the Claretian Fathers in Chicago and teaching sociology at Loyola University. Mr. O'Gara succeeds Edward F. Meagher, who has resigned to go into other work after serving this magazine most ably since he joined the staff in September, 1948.*



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# *The Hospital Case*

THERE are ways of writing about America's religious problems which make everything tidily black-and-white and easy of solution. When a controversial issue arises one simply vests himself in the robes of his orthodoxy, ascends the pulpit and solemnly anathematizes the opposition.

If one is a Catholic, with a Catholic's beliefs, he merely says that those who disagree with him are serving error while he is serving truth and his first loyalty is to truth. That is certainly a logical position. If one were working in an idea-laboratory and not in the complex modern situation of American life, it might prove to be as effective and rewarding as the construction of a perfect classroom syllogism. But, alas, in the actual world one has to deal not with syllogisms but with flesh and blood, and it is quite possible to win an argument while losing a cause.

Catholics are definitely not the only ones to deal with complex problems simply. It is not only the Catholic writer who ascends the pulpit with bell, book and candle to read the infidels out of the church. He is joined in this by many of the same people he is anathematizing, who go through a similar incantation on their own side of the street. When seven doctors were recently told to resign their membership in the Planned Parenthood Association or be fired from the staff of St. Francis Hospital in Poughkeepsie several clergymen-members of the League for Planned Parenthood were ready, quick as a flash, with a statement. "The attempt to police the thoughts and personal actions of individuals in our American democracy is un-American and contrary to our cherished principles for which American boys are suffering and dying in Korea," they said.

For them, too, the whole question was simple: the ultimatum given the doctors was merely another example of papist thought-control, unworthy of America. (The reference to our "boys in Korea" provided that fillip of patriotic identification without which no religious controversy these days seems to be complete.)

I think that in the Poughkeepsie case, as in so many, the issues are not quite as clear-cut as some would make them. The action of the hospital superior is surely not, as the Planned Parenthood clergymen would have it, a simple, deliberate attempt at thought-control, nor is it, as some of her defenders would have it, a simple case of right *vs.* wrong, morality *vs.* vice, justice *vs.* injustice.

There is something to be said for the Sister's action, no doubt about that. But, it seems to me, there is much to be said against it, too. On the positive side, the hospital, in keeping with its public position as a Catholic institution, is clearly right to insist on disapproval of artificial birth-prevention as being opposed to Christian teaching and the Natural Law of God. It is not a question of whim or caprice or mere ignorance, as some would arrogantly have it. To speak about birth prevention as immoral is to say a great deal. It is to say that a person, according to his own conscience, may do nothing to foster, aid or abet the Planned Parenthood cause and must do all legitimately, and prudently, within his power to counteract its influence.

Our problem here arises from the fact that birth-control (or birth-prevention, to use the more accurate word) is no longer universally accepted as evil. There are people in the United States, maybe a majority, for whom the Planned Parenthood position is not only inoffensive but actually represents a moral ideal. I think these people are wrong, woefully wrong; but there they are—and here am I, and we are fellow citizens in the same democracy.

If St. Francis Hospital were dismissing the offending physicians for unethical practice (in the Catholic sense) done under the auspices of the hospital itself, there could be no legitimate argument against its action. The hospital would clearly be within its rights in that case. Or if the medical men in question were involved in some outside activity clearly opposed to the universally accepted ethics of the profession, the decision would unquestinably belong to the hospital.

But the doctors were fired (on very short notice) for their personal participation in the work of the Planned Parenthood league. It was a case of the hospital's using its power in the community and in the medical profession to penalize its staff-doctors for their false moral beliefs. It might be argued that the hospital as a private institution is free to accept and reject such personnel as it chooses, for whatever reasons, and legally this is probably so. But, it seems to me, to say this is not to state the whole case.

A hospital, especially one which accepts federal grants or government aid, is not univocally a private institution. It has assumed the obligation to provide the best possible medical care for such patients as it receives. It is usually largely dependent upon the community in which it exists.

It is true that those who contribute to a Catholic hospital do so knowing that the hospital insists on the observance of Catholic ethics. But that is not the issue here. The issue is whether, even for such serious reasons, the hospital may use its power in the community to force the consciences of the physicians upon whom the community depends. It is a question of whether the hospital in its zeal for public morality, which is naturally, and properly, its general concern, may sacrifice its specific obligation to provide the best available medical care (impossible in most communities without accepting men of every moral and religious belief) for its patients, which is its immediate specific obligation.

In a unified Christian world, where the demands of ethics and morality were universally accepted, such problems would not arise, perhaps. But we do not live in that kind of world, and we can not force it into being. It will come, if it comes again, only by the free acceptance of belief. This, I think, is the key to the dilemma faced by the Sisters of St. Francis Hospital—a patient acceptance not of evil but of human beings, whatever their error.

JOHN COGLEY.



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# East German Refugees II

## Without privacy, dignity or tangible hope for the future, they have generally lost heart.

By BERTRAND SCHNEIDER

*(In last week's issue Mr. Schneider told about the efforts of a small group of Frenchmen to revive morale among refugees from the East now crowded into Western Germany. He told of his contacts with exiles whom the local authorities had compelled German farm families to take into their households. The conclusion of his article has to do with those refugees who are quartered in camps.)*

THESE refugee camps for the most part are made up of groups of barracks. Built of wood, in 1940, they were expected to last for three years. They are still being used and some are naturally in very bad shape. The wooden partitions are rotting; the rains and strong winds from the Baltic sweep through them. "When the wind blows you get the feeling that the building is going to take flight."

For two years these barracks housed more than four hundred people to a room, men and women, adults and children, old people, all thrown in together. You would see six children, among them a young man of twenty and a girl in her late teens, all in the same bed. That was a period in which life was literally at an animal level, with all the attendant frightful moral and psychological consequences, especially for the young—not to mention the incessant strife and countless insults that charged the atmosphere.

Two years ago these large rooms were broken up by means of partitions; the new smaller quarters are occupied by from one to three families. There is no longer a common kitchen, and each woman prepares her own family's meals.

The rooms are about twelve yards by twenty, giving off a corridor which runs through the whole building. There is running water in one or two rooms for personal hygiene which, by force of things, has to be undertaken in common just as in the army. But these families are not troops and this system is extremely painful and humiliating for those accustomed to decent living standards.

Each family has a garden plot about fifteen yards by twenty for flowers and vegetables. The families take turns sweeping the corridor each day, and once a week each family washes its own section of corridor.

The lack of privacy is total. Every word can be heard through the thin partitions; everyone has a pretty good idea what is taking place in his neighbor's room. The windows are very low. When someone walks outside the barracks, almost automatically he looks into the rooms; it is impossible to live with the windows closed all the time when one small room serves as bedroom, kitchen and dining room. And there is no privacy within the family either; everyone seems to live on top of everyone else.

Vendors hawk their milk or their rolls in the corridor and push into the rooms to find out what they can sell. Children enter without knocking, while a neighbor's baby cries and the family at the end of the corridor fights incessantly. A friend comes to borrow a few potatoes.

Despite the difficulties, some families try to keep things in hand in their room. Everything is in order. Neat curtains, bunches of flowers and a few pictures on the wall create a family atmosphere. It is touching to see the refugees who try so desperately to keep their dignity. Others no longer find the courage—there is refuse on their floors, their dirty and chipped dishes are piled in a corner.

The number of refugees with jobs is very small. Most of the people have only government unemployment-allowances, which vary with the number of people in each ménage. "Too little to live on, too much to let you die," as one man told us. Because of the difficulty of finding places for whole families in Southern Germany and other countries and since most of the men refuse to leave their families, some seventy percent of the able-bodied refugees are still idle.

The food is very poor: black bread, boiled potatoes, a little pork. The problem is not so much that the quantity is insufficient but that the quality is so poor. Nearly all the children have had tuberculosis. But the refugees' fare is not very different from that of other Germans.



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The clothing problem is most acute. Generally the refugees have only what they brought with them; these clothes are ragged now and cannot be replaced, for that would cost too much. The children and many adults, too, go barefoot. This is feasible in summertime but another story in winter, if there is snow, while the fjord is often completely frozen over. Their rags and tatters produce in the refugees a serious psychological effect; it is the one element which accentuates all their other difficulties.

Marriages are infrequent — unemployment allowances for two single people are larger than for a husband and wife. Hence the tendency toward illicit relationships. Most of the children go to school until they are fourteen or fifteen. But since so many have had no schooling for several years, there are some who cannot read or write even at the age of fifteen. A few young people are invited to stay with settled German families or are given a place in summer camps during vacation. Most of them simply wander around the camps on the lookout for whatever will turn up.

Young people rarely leave camp, because they do not have the streetcar fare to Flensburg. They cannot go to the movies. There is no recreation for them in the camp itself. Chasing after girls remains about the only diversion open to the young men. When it is rainy or blowy, as is frequently the case, everyone stays in his room, without books or diversions of any sort; the nervous tension mounts and gives way to incessant quarreling. In general everyone appears resigned to his fate. These people accept in advance whatever may happen to them. They have a profound nostalgia for their past life. They tell you that they will never see their homeland again, but you sense that they live in hopes of getting back.

AS AT Neustadt, we began at Flensburg by inviting the Catholic families to Mass, which was offered each morning in a different camp, in a Protestant chapel or a ballroom. But we did not find the same religious enthusiasm as at Neustadt, even though there was no inconvenience involved in hearing morning Mass. For most there seemed to be no religious problem. They were not for God, they were not against Him. The question simply did not interest them.

This was true for Catholics as well as Protestants. Besides, in most families there were mixed marriages. Rather than have any arguments, they preferred to abandon all religious practices. Or else there would be an agreement: the boys would take the father's religion and the girls the mother's. Yet religious antagonism was very strongly manifest in the camps. It is rare to find refugees who are tolerant.

Dietrich, aged eight, said, as we were starting to play with a group of children: "The girls should not come; they are Protestants." But that made no difference, everyone could play. "Yes, but we are Catholics and we cannot play with Protestants." At Bluecherlager, when Mass was said in the common room, they put a curtain over the window, "so that Protestant children could not see what was going on."

However, we were able to have adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a Mass offered for the deceased members of the refugees' families, in the Protestant chapel of Kielseng on the fifteenth of August. Moreover, several ministers in the region loaned us their chapels for Mass. One of the Protestant camp directors gave us the wood to make a large cross, saying, "After all, that is for everyone."

We had the good fortune to meet a few families whose sad fate had not lessened their faith. There was an old peasant woman whose two sons had been killed, one in Norway and the other in Poland, and whose daughter, a nun, had been killed by the Russians in Berlin. As she showed me their pictures she said: "You see I am quite like Queen Louise. When Napoleon came she said to him: 'I have lost all, my family, my property . . . I still have but one thing, that is trust in God, but I shall have that always.' And I too have always kept my trust in God."

Why did we come there, people wanted to know. We had brought nothing with us. But that misled no one. Our presence astounded and intrigued the refugees. One of the young people asked: "Why did you choose us when there is so much to do in France?" Some understood that we did not come as tourists; others put it down to our youth and our idealism. For many, time and great patience will be required.

So much remains to be done. First of all, these people must again be able to live under conditions which are not degrading. And there are nine million of them in the German Western Zones. It is especially necessary to re-orient, to re-educate every one of them. They have reached the bottom of their reservoir of courage and resistance. They need friends to help them expand, to save what still remains in them, especially the young people. They need a will to live, a sense of humanity. They need love.



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# Dilemma in the Middle East

By ANDREW BOYLE

THE speed with which bad news travels these days is usually in inverse ratio to the average citizen's slowness in swallowing news that looks good. This no doubt partly explains the noncommittal British attitude to a certain clause in the recent Washington communiqué which promised a totally new Anglo-American approach to the problems of the Middle East. The unquestionably hopeful declaration that President Truman and Mr. Churchill equally appreciated the difficulties and complex dangers in that strategically important and politically chaotic part of the world was confirmed by two or three prosaic sentences. One of them said that "complete identity of aims" had been reached; another said that the two Secretaries of State, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Eden, had been briefed to "work out together agreed policies."

Yet this unprecedented decision to share the responsibilities and risks of a common policy did not exactly set the Thames on fire. It had less impact on the public mind than the latest situation reports from Suez. And it left the majority of Britons cold and rather unimpressed, not through any fundamental doubt about American good will but out of an instinctive feeling that American understanding of the root-causes of Middle East difficulties is almost bound to be colored by traditional American prejudices.

The British public often compensates for its lack of expert knowledge by a homely and frequently sound instinct about the core of current world problems. People here feel that during the turbulent days of the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute the restraining hand of Uncle Sam on John Bull's shoulder did as much to encourage the intransigence of Dr. Mossadegh as the dilatory and half-hearted tactics of the British Foreign Office. And when, shortly after the billion-dollar assets of Persian Oil (which was also Britain's biggest single overseas investment) had vanished, the lid of Egypt's nationalistic cauldron suddenly blew off, a large number of Britons who lay no claim to being experts saw at once the connection between the loss of Abadan and the new threat to the Suez Canal Zone. They remembered the old axiom that nothing succeeds like success; and they could watch it being applied in the field of Middle East nationalism. What Iran could do against a relatively mighty Power, anxious to protect its lawful commercial interests, Egypt could do as well against that Power's strategic interests. Provided mob-passion could be sustained at fever heat, and a little violence could be introduced to convince the outside world that he meant business, Nahas Pasha, until recently the Egyptian Premier, had an even chance of winning a more dramatic bloodless victory than Dr. Mossadegh. If it could have been managed, the evacuation of the last British soldier from the vital Suez Canal Zone would certainly have meant the automatic canonization of Nahas, as a national hero, and would have confirmed indefinitely in office his Wafdist Government, which by Western standards is at least as corrupt and as shortsighted as the present Government of Iran.

And what Britons believe of the Egyptian crisis, Frenchmen believe of the tension and unrest which have again disturbed their North African dependencies of Tunisia and Morocco. It is a matter of general knowledge, on this side of the Atlantic at least, that the United States, which came into being by revolting against a tyrannical selfish colonialism, has always tended to suspect the motives of so-called "imperial" Powers in their dealings with peoples still striving for complete independence. Unfortunately, this natural sympathy for the imagined underdog sometimes leaves out of account not only the great if gradual benefits that have been conferred on subject peoples through generations of enlightened rule, but the manifest changes that have taken place in international relationships since the heyday of imperialism.

THESE introductory remarks may seem irrelevant. In fact they are very much to the point. If the United States, Britain and France are about to share fresh burdens in the Middle East, as they have been sharing different but no less weighty burdens elsewhere since the war, the first essential is that they should not hug to themselves mutual doubts and misgivings.

Granted that the United States Government has never relished the idea of upholding colonial regimes, and that the American public intuitively sympathizes with any people seeking to achieve freedom, other factors must also be carefully considered before judgments are passed and decisions made. The common enemy today is not colonialism but Soviet Communism; and in so far as the Communists have managed to identify themselves in Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco and Iran with nationalist movements allegedly struggling to throw off the oppressor's yoke, the cause of true freedom will suffer a setback every time there is disagreement among the Western partners about the implications of any given incident.

But while it is true that most Britons probably question the immediate effectiveness of the proposed American partnership in Middle East policy-making, relatively few of them understand the urgent necessity of this common approach. The daily newspaper headlines have helped to

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destroy elementary illusions about Egypt, just as they did in regard to Iran some months ago.

Moreover, the sending to the troubled Suez Canal Zone of strong military reinforcements brought home the seriousness of the situation in the same way as the Malayan and Korean campaigns had previously done. Yet hardly one in every thousand people is yet aware of the Frankenstein-like qualities of the nationalist ferment which is keeping the Egyptian crisis at boiling point. The spectacle of the then Premier, Nahas Pasha, urging extremists to exterminate a foreign enemy who refuses to quit the country, seems quite inconsistent with the obverse spectacle of an uncertain Nahas Pasha, wondering how long he can safely ride the hurricane of hysteria he has stirred up. This uncertainty was clearly justified, since recent events have proven that Nahas Pasha had even less ability to control his followers than Dr. Mossadegh.

By contrast, the Iranian Prime Minister held the whip-hand. There were no British forces in his country to come between him and the oil he wanted to expropriate. He could pass decrees and impose fantastic decisions, unopposed, because the mobs were with him; and the unprotected foreign oil technicians had no option but to acquiesce, although they were against him. Even so, Dr. Mossadegh stood in constant danger of being engulfed by the tide of nationalism he had let loose.

Xenophobia is all very well within limits; but when Communists, thugs, narrow religious fanatics and downtrodden mobs — each element with quite a different object in view — are summoned to play the patriot in getting rid of a hated foreign influence in their midst, the peril of internal lawlessness and anarchy has to be faced. This is especially the case in backward countries like Egypt and Iran where the extremes of wealth and destitution are so marked, where the sense of civic responsibility is so undeveloped, and where the army and civil service can be suborned by whichever faction of artistocratic politicians happens to be in power.

THE legal aspect of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute is straightforward enough. Egypt's abrupt abrogation late last year of the 1936 Treaty, which recognized Egypt's sovereignty but gave Britain the right to maintain military installations, ten thousand troops and four hundred air pilots in the Suez Canal Zone, was deliberately timed to forestall the Four-Power proposals for a Middle East Command. By pretending, like Hitler, that "his patience was exhausted," Nahas Pasha hoped to gain sympathy and moral backing for his unilateral move in the United States as well as in neighboring Arab countries. The proclamation of King Farouk as Monarch of the Sudan, shortly after his revoking of the fifty-two-year-old Condominion Agreement with Britain for joint-administration of the territory, set a symbolic seal on his policy. Egypt had at last taken her fate in her own hands.

The occupation of part of her soil by alien troops had continued since the British first intervened in 1882, in the dying days of the Ottoman Empire. Two world wars in a generation, and the necessity for guarding the Suez Canal — one of the world's main sea-arteries and the lifeline of the British Commonwealth — delayed the drawing-up of any final pact which would have transferred to Egypt the responsibility for defending the Canal Zone.

In 1946 the late Mr. Ernest Bevin made a sincere effort to revise the treaty signed a decade earlier. He agreed on the evacuation of all British forces by 1949, but insisted on safeguards for the separate political development of the Sudanese people. The talks broke down on this secondary issue, Egypt protested to the Security Council — before which its case still technically lies — and the postwar nationalist campaign to drive out the British was launched.

The Wafdist party, which was returned to power in the General Election of 1950, was determined to settle the Occupation question once and for all during its term of office. Tentative negotiations with the British Government were therefore resumed; but meanwhile the Korean conflict had broken out, and Britain's attitude to the problem altered again. The threat of a Soviet-inspired coup in the West, quite apart from the necessity of keeping open the Canal for the transport of men and supplies to the Far East, became a matter of greater importance to the security of the West than academic Treaty discussions whose prime object was to satisfy a point of Egyptian national pride.

There was the further genuine factor of strained relations between Egypt and the Arab League, on the one hand, and the new State of Israel, on the other. The embargo placed by the Egyptians on certain kinds of goods, including oil, destined for Israel would undoubtedly have been intensified, if the Suez Canal had been passed over to their custody. And the prospect of a renewal of bitter partisan hostilities around this nerve-centre of communications at a time of worsening international tension could not be entertained.

These are the salient facts behind the current crisis — facts which are known and appreciated by the State Department, however much they may be played down to the American public in a Presidential election year. To Egyptian opinion in its present inflamed condition, they are no more than fresh British excuses for extending the original 1882 Occupation, despite the recent enough memories of Mussolini's North African adventures and of Rommel's advance to the gates of Alexandria in 1942. It is because Britain rightly regards the Canal Zone as the pivot of Middle East defense, with Turkey standing sentinel over its most exposed boundaries to the East and French Tunisia and Morocco forming a solid bastion to the West, that a sincere attempt has been made to incorporate Egypt as an equal partner in the Four-Power Command. Today that offer holds firm, although there is little chance of its being considered impartially while prevailing Anglo-Egyptian unrest continues. When Mr. Churchill suggested in his speech before Congress that "token forces" from the United States would help restore the uneasy situation, he was talking out of turn if he meant that American intervention would serve any useful



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purpose before diplomatic overtures have been tried. The tragic and largely meaningless toll of terrorist acts and of toughening British counter-measures is slowly frittering away the last vestiges of good will on both sides. Much more could be gained by a disinterested United States demand for arbitration, than by ill-advised and premature American action.

To only a slightly lesser extent, the seething discontent of Tunisian and Moroccan nationalists, with its disruption of law, order and confidence, is an indirect menace to the strategic interests of the entire Western world. American bomber bases in North Africa will prove as empty a guarantee of security as enforced British control of the Suez Canal, if hostile populations crouch behind their backs. Nor is there any call at this late stage for hasty and unjust United States recriminations against the so-called "occupying powers."

It is easy to read history backwards; to pick out the flaws in the best record of administration and political evolution among dependent peoples, and to strike a holier-than-thou pose which can conveniently cloak ignorance of intricate colonial problems which have now become vexed common problems. Soviet Russia has a vested interest in the spread of tearaway nationalism throughout the Middle East. The Kremlin also knows the long-term value of unstable and unreliable governments, which have little concern for raising the miserably poor lot of the big bulk of their peoples and which offer the mirage of independence from alien control — whether political, economic or military — as a distraction from their own misrule.

THERE is plenty of room for a full and fruitful pooling of Western experience and resources in the backward lands that sprawl for thousands of miles from the Straits of Gibraltar, along the Mediterranean shores, and across the Arabian deserts to the oilwells of Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Wartime institutions like the Anglo-American agency and the Middle East Supply Center were forerunners of the type of organization which can best promote social and economic progress, without undermining the authority of established governments in any way.

The time for individual action in separate regions on behalf of national, imperial, ideological interests has gone. The time for concerted action, to build up, side by side, the defense and economy of the entire Middle East area, has come.

Just as the Marshall Plan and the Mutual Security Act have rescued Europe from her own worst enemies — that apathy and fear which deepened economic depression and political uncertainty — so a bold Point Four project for the Middle East, begun at the same time as the new Middle East Command, would mark the opening of a new era of cooperation in the Mediterranean area. Such a course would be worth more in time than all the bomber bases and military installations that now exist, for it would prevent Communism from consolidating itself by laying the foundations of prosperity and harmony between the countries of the Middle East.

SO THEY TELL ME

# Picking Your Founding Father

THAT those who are ignorant of the past are condemned to repeat its errors is a remark attributed to George Santayana. It is not a judgment one can quarrel with. What one can quarrel with is what the past is and what it means. What deeds were done and what things said are known or can be known. The meaning of those acts and words is not always clear, even to the most knowledgeable of men. The meaning of history men can and do and will dispute. When a man asserts that "history teaches us" something, I begin to distrust him, to doubt either his knowledge or his sense. The thing called history may not, as Charles Beard once suggested, be an act of faith. But that it is so objective that its meaning is equally bright, sharp and clear to all men is not demonstrable. The Frenchman who told his class, "It is not I who speak, but it is history which speaks through my mouth," was possessed less by vanity than by simplicity, in my opinion.

I have been led into this statement by a little pamphlet which some anonymous donor sent to me. It is called *In Brief,* comes from The Foundation for Economic Education, Inc., and is written by Mr. Dean Russell. It is a little thing of only eleven pages, and this issue of it deals with what is called "The First Leftist." It is a political pamphlet, the impulse of whose attack I do not wholly understand since it is an obvious exercise in calculated subtlety. It is, of course, an imperfectly disguised attack on President Roosevelt, but it contains a shy hint of dissatisfaction with what it calls "the leaders of both parties." Given the fierce separatism in the Republican Party, I was unaware that it had leaders. But the attack is clearly against "the power of government itself." It is this which troubles me.

It troubles me because I am asked to share in the attack in the name of "our forefathers and their warnings that the only hope for permanent liberty lies in restricting the power of government." I have a great love of liberty. It is so great that I tend, personally, to lean toward anarchy, and am, by instinct and a sense of Irish recalcitrance, a Christian anarchist. But I am not so ignorant of the history of my own country as to be unwary of appeals to "our founding fathers." I am made especially wary when I am asked to associate myself, in their name, with approval of "individual freedom of choice and personal responsibility for one's own welfare." I cannot admit Dean Russell's proposition that "almost all human relations and institutions should be left completely outside the authority of government, with no government regulation whatever." It is the contention of Mr. Russell that "this seems to be a difficult idea for most persons to grasp."



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I FIND no difficulty in grasping it. I resent it. The "founding fathers" had nothing to do with it. All of us who make the reading of American history our constant business are, for example, slowly changing our ideas about Alexander Hamilton. Unless we engage in wholly subjective selection, he was one of our founding fathers. Today it is almost impossible, save for wholly visceral men, to believe that our government could have been organized, could have succeeded without him. Yet he was not interested in "limiting government." If he had been we might not have survived. Hamilton made government as strong and as powerful and as regulating as he could make it.

The Jeffersonians, married to reality and responsibility, gave life to Hamilton when, in 1816, they passed our first protective tariff law. They even chartered the second Bank of the United States. They could not, if they would, have changed the administrative system Hamilton set up. Indeed, it is one of the ironies of our history that the Jeffersonians ended their careers by setting up defenses around the leading political ideas and instruments of the Federalists. Power, John Randolph discovered, was necessary to contain, to check power, and only power could do it. Mr. Truman's foreign policy is an application of this necessary proposition of Randolph. Does Mr. Russell regard John Marshall as a founding father? Does he count him among those who would limit power? Marshall could hold that ours was a government of laws and not of men when his political mood was receptive to it. But Marshall strengthened government and the power of the national government at every turn.

A Baltimore newspaper regarded his conclusion in the case of *McCulloch* v. *Maryland* as "a deadly blow . . . at the sovereignty of the states." But Morison and Commager cannot regard it as "one of the greatest of his constitutional opinions."

But it was in this case that Marshall, friend and biographer of Washington, struck down the Jeffersonian argument against the extension of the power of the national government. Has Dean Russell forgotten that there existed no written power to the national government to charter a bank? Has he forgotten Marshall's classic reply to that argument against its charter:

> We admit, as all must admit that the powers of the government are limited, and that its limits are not to be transcended. But we think the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national legislature that discretion, with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it, in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional. (Dodd. *Cases on Constitutional Law,* p. 303.)

Every school child knows that this doctrine of "loose construction," which gave to the government a power it did not clearly have, was adopted by Marshall from Webster through the early, precisely similar argument of Alexander Hamilton. Dean Russell leaves me wholly unmoved by his appeal to the founding fathers. They speak to me for themselves. Nor am I capable of such casuistry that I can accept Marshall because he was among our forefathers, but reject the Charles Evans Hughes who upheld the National Labor Relations Act, or the same Hughes who made valid the work of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

I WISH I had the time and space to deal with what Mr. Russell makes of the French Revolution, of the Girondists, whom he approvingly calls "the first leftists," and of the Jacobins. But it will give you some idea that he objects to those he calls the "Rightists" in the first Legislative Assembly because they approved "highly centralized national government, special laws and privileges for unions and various other groups and classes, government economic monopolies in various necessities of life, and government controls over prices, production, and distribution." He refers to the "Rights" and "Lefts" in the Constituent Assembly "at the beginning of the French Revolution of 1789." I take it for granted that he means to refer to the Legislative Assembly of 1791. You do not need to be a genius in order to be aware of what, with respect to 1952, Dean Russell is assailing. Moreover, each generation must settle in its own best way the problems with which it is presented.

Winston Churchill, in his recent speech to us, made reference to one of my favorite quotations from Burke, that "people will not look forward to posterity, who never looked backward to their ancestors." But Mr. Roosevelt took power at a moment when our great nation was shriveled by fear, when the voices of our ancestors spoke feebly to us, if at all, when leadership required not only power, but the confidence to use it. Mr. Roosevelt, in having both these things, cannot be said to have acted as if he were unacquainted with his ancestors and ours.

I mention President Roosevelt at this point because it is he who shadows what Dean Russell is writing. Mr. Russell does not mention the Roosevelt name, for reasons I do not bother to speculate about, but he does say this:

> The majority of the American people voted approval of this "Robespierre philosophy of government" as expressed by the holder of a high political office in 1936: "In 34 months we have built up new instruments of public power. In the hands of a people's government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy, such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people."

It is the position of Mr. Russell that this statement of Franklin D. Roosevelt means that "power is a good



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thing, so long as I am the one who has it."

It is clear at once that to apply to the Roosevelt regime a "Robespierre philosophy of government" is to be unfair both to Robespierre and to Roosevelt. Mr. Russell's Girondists, who, by the way, resisted the demands of workers for state intervention to control rising costs and plunged France into a war which it was unprepared to wage, brought about a situation which could have destroyed a France Robespierre saved. One does not need to approve the Reign of Terror to recognize a fact in history when he sees it. Mr. Roosevelt set going no reign of terror.

Indeed, when Dean Russell makes such accusation against "the majority of the American people" he is, to put it kindly, unaware of the facts. "It is true," writes Robert E. Sherwood, "that he (Roosevelt) burned his fingers badly on the Supreme Court packing issue when, following his smashing victory in the 1936 election, he suffered from an excess of overconfidence, and his exasperation resulting from defeat on this issue led him to burn his fingers again in the attempted purge. These experiences led him to be, if anything, overcautious in his handling of issues arising from the calamitous world situation" (*Roosevelt and Hopkins, pp.* 306-7, Vol. I. Bantam Edition). Some Robespierre!

I AM afraid that if this pamphlet is the best they can do, the Foundation for Economic Education is not going to prove successful in its educational program. It is always a good idea, it seems to me, to leave education to the educators. If you operate as a propagandist, that is as one who has power to withhold facts, you ought to say so. I will not think very much of you, but I may find you amusing. When you tell me, though, that you are contributing to my education, I want you to take yourself seriously, so that I may take you seriously. I do not take seriously men who deal with factual material with which I am familiar, unless they deal rigorously with the facts. I am as afraid of the corruptive power of power as the next man. But I call to Mr. Russell's attention these wise remarks of Mr. Sherwood:

"'In a democratic society, the desire for power and the ruthless pursuit of it may have a corruptive influence; that was true of Pericles and it was true even of Abraham Lincoln; but the realization of power and of the responsibility that it entails can and often does produce an ennobling effect" (*Vol. I, P.* 149). If I do not always sleep quietly in my bed at night, it is not because I see the green ghost of Robespierre menacing my wakefulness.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

**NEXT WEEK**

*The Commonweal's Catholic Book Week Issue*

**FROM ROME**

# "Funny People, These Italians"

THERE are two things which might be considered symbols of the differences between North and South in Europe, between Nordic and Latin, which, in spite of their frivolous appearance, have a deep psychological significance. They are the role of the pet animal and the use of alcoholic drink.

If you take a pet animal in the countries where the population is of Nordic blood, be it a dog or a cat or a horse, it is a real friend. The League for Protection of Animals means business, and public opinion is focused as strongly against cruelty to animals as against cruelty to men. When he pats his dog's head and looks into brown faithful eyes, many a person seems to feel something like this: "Men are wicked. Men are cold and selfish. They don't understand me and they don't want to. Only you understand . . . "

This characteristic love for animals goes beyond just ordinary decency and fairness. It is a kind of compensation for the Northerner's well-known lack of psychological *coup d'oeil* towards his fellow men and hence for his difficulty in understanding them and being himself understood. It has been said that there is something aristocratic about this failure and it might well be so. Dominated peoples and slaves often develop a superiority complex towards other people, out of sheer self-defence. Fellow men are for most northern Europeans like closed books. They don't even try to understand them. From experience they have learned it is useless.

This failure naturally entails all sorts of difficulties in everyday relations between human beings, be it in a crowded bus, in the office, between lovers or within families. A lack of smoothness finds expression even in letters to the editors which complain about solitude, inflexible red tape or general unfriendliness. The same spirit shows up in divorces and other difficulties between close relatives. It is a failure which often has its comic aspects, but is basically tragic.

Maybe this is more easily felt in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries than in England. The English, with their practical sense, have developed a superficial *savoir-vivre,* certain robot-like manners which by no means enable them to understand each other better but make unavoidable contacts somewhat smoother. The same clichés said on precisely the same occasions in the same way have proved most helpful toward establishing English superiority over the clumsiness and awkwardness of their more crude German and Scandinavian cousins.

All these big and small misunderstandings between people indicate lack of tact too, and lack of tact, repeated again and again, can make sensitive people very touchy



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and create shyness, which sometimes reaches pathological proportions. Shyness has been a major problem among Northerners. It has not been solved because Freud named it the inferiority complex. Less sensitive people follow the British example as closely as possible and hide behind a robot-like mask. There is a danger here that, owing to the well-known influence of behavior on character, it might transform a man into a robot who is not really that way, and thus make him utterly unhappy.

AGAINST the background of all this, the pet animals come into the picture. In his disillusion with fellow men, and in his solitude, the Northerner often seeks comfort from his pet, in order to get the understanding without words which he needs so desperately. Maybe he is too proud and too sophisticated to recognize it, maybe he is already something of a misanthrope who has a keen appreciation for the animal's seeming capacity to suffer his own bitterness. "Believe me, he is a saint," Doctor Axel Munthe, author of *The Story of San Michele,* told me when he introduced one of his dogs. The love of animals can become aggressive. It may seem to be a vengeance on mankind.

The Southerner, the man of Latin blood, is almost indifferent towards animals. Indeed he is sometimes even extremely cruel. His world is humanity and the "eternally human" interests him enormously, for he has the psychological *coup d'oeil* for it, the feeling for it, and he loves every new aspect of it, for no other reason than that it is human. For him contacts with fellow men are easy and smooth, in social life, within the family, in love and even on the overcrowded bus. For him animals have the same importance as vegetables and plants—they are there only for the use of man. For him a faithful animal is a poor substitute for a friend.

But Northerners have still another means of evading misunderstandings with fellow men and escaping their own shyness. They drink. Drinking sometimes becomes one of the biggest problems among them. The reason is not simply the climate or bad example. It goes deeper than that, otherwise it would not be difficult to uproot it or even to keep it within reasonable limits. Its most hidden basis seems to be a great lack of harmony between a man himself and his way of life. He becomes willing to pay the price for a few hours escape. This is probably the deepest tragedy of the Northerner. It is all the more tragic because of its triviality. It is one thing to be unhappy but another (and still worse) to get ridiculous about it.

I remember a Swedish sergeant — who was a shining example for his keen sense of duty. During the week he never came near a drink. But on Saturday evening, when everything was in order, he used to lie down on his bed, with a bottle of something strong beside him, and a bucket. His comrades helped him afterward so he would not choke or hurt himself. That was the sergeant's weekend. For what reason did this quiet young man wish to escape from himself, as if from a prison? What was the internal stress, unbearable for him?

Even here the Southerner provides a striking contrast. For him the most important thing with a drink is the taste. Drinks are used with food as a complement. Getting drunk for the sake of getting drunk makes no sense. If the Latin gets drunk he wants to enjoy the delicious taste of the drinks all along, or he is against his own will seduced by the taste of the drinks. He does not need to drink any old rotgut just to escape from himself. Usually he is satisfied with himself—to such a degree that it is annoying to other people. He seems more happy.

Recently I had a few drinks with a Norwegian sailor in a bar in the port of Genoa. As true Northerners we had a number of pretty short drinks, and my friend the sailor was rapidly and happily escaping from the prison of his own self. He watched the noisy and intense life in the street outside and finally, shaking his head, said: "Funny people, these Italians. I must say I can't understand them. I can't make it out. They actually seem to be born drunk."

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

# The Stage

## *Gertie*

ENID BAGNOLD is a successful English novelist who has not yet adapted herself to the peculiar exigencies of the theatre. In "Gertie," her play about an impoverished English family which is rescued by the youngest daughter's sex-appeal, she writes a literate line, but a theatrically limp one. At one point she has a character remark: "I have no fears and limits like you who panic every decade." The line is appropriate in context; it contrasts two characters, and their attitudes toward the problem of ageing gracefully, with some shrewdness; and the construction "you who panic every decade" has both economy and grace. But you cannot hear it from the stage. It is gone before you have grappled with it, slipping quietly into that oblivion reserved for dialogue which is both decorative and meaningful, but which is neither simple enough, nor graphic enough, for the crude commerce of the drama.

The theatre is a mass art, a spoken art, an art which ripples quickly across time, and one which can never stray very far — profitably — from its primitive base. Stage dialogue is always blunter, bolder, and more coarsely fashioned than that of the reflective narrative; even in verse, it is always perched on the edge of bombast. Miss Bagnold's failure to adapt herself, in this and in other ways, lays the promise of "Gertie" low.

Gertie herself is a pleasantly conceived creature. She is a soft-spoken, heavy-lidded, but surprisingly forthright miss who is convinced that the world's males are hers for the asking, and who sets about asking the moment one is put within earshot. Into the shabby country home which she shares with her ineffectual father, brother, and sister comes a New York producer — Miss Bagnold's plot contrivances are no sturdier than her language — and, before a two-day visit is over, Gertie is on her way to the showier and more lucrative existence of a somewhat ambigu-



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ously defined protégée. In the course of snaring her man, she also manages to sell an amateurish play her sister has written, and to guarantee father and brother some kind of mild security.

There really isn't much more to the play than two brief scenes in which Gertie suggests to the producer that she wouldn't mind taking the boat back with him. But Glynis Johns plays these delectably enough to make you wish that there were a few more situations for her to get her teeth into. And Miss Bagnold has sketched in the other characterizations so perceptively that you wish she had been able to drum up some valid reason for dragging them onto a stage. But they are at loose ends, with only Gertie to give them a gentle push, and the evening languishes for want of dramatic impulse.

Of the supporting cast, only Polly Rowles — as a hard-bitten but thoroughly honest Hollywood agent — manages to add any personal zest to what the author has written. The William and Jean Eckhart setting is bilious in color and overly busy in design, and whoever is responsible for Miss Johns' coiffure and costuming should be asked to turn in her curling-irons and thimble at once. (*At the Plymouth*)

WALTER KERR.

# The Screen

## *Busy Signal*

GARY MERRILL, who plays the stranger in *"Phone Call from a Stranger"* is just about the most overworked busybody to turn up in a film in a long time. While flying from an eastern airport to Los Angeles, Gary, who angrily intends to end his twelve-year-old marriage, becomes friendly with three other passengers who also have problems. Their stories are only partially revealed as the plane goes on its stormy way: Michael Rennie is returning to Los Angeles to confess to the D.A. that he, not the friend he blamed, was responsible for an automobile accident which resulted in three deaths several years earlier; Shelley Winters, who wasn't the sensation on Broadway she hoped to be, is returning to her husband, whom she really loves despite his possessive mother; and the other member of the foursome, played by Keenan Wynn as a loud-mouthed, obnoxious salesman, actually tells little about himself, but he talks a lot, slaps backs and flashes a snapshot of his wife (Bette Davis in a skimpy bathing suit) that embarrasses the others.

The plane hits bumpy weather, which makes the friendly foursome thoughtful — and more friendly. The plane crashes. Gary, the only one of the four to survive, decides to call on the families of the other three. He finds Michael Rennie's wife (Beatrice Straight) bitter — not so much over the death of her estranged husband as because her son, blaming her, has run away. After straightening things out here, Gary goes on to Shelley's husband (Craig Stevens) and the mother-in-law who messed up her marriage.

At this point of the film, Producer Nunnally Johnson (who also wrote the script from an I.A.R. Wylie story) and Director Jean Negulesco, who have been dishing up equal parts of fun, pathos and sentiment, swing into brilliant satire. They let Shelley's mother-in-law (Evelyn Varden in practically flawless performance as an elderly night club singer who refuses to act her age) describe Shelley to Gary as a shameless tramp; and to indicate that this flashback, showing Evelyn as a saintly madonna and Shelley as an over-sexed hussy, is a lie, the sequence starts out in reverse negative with black as white. Gary, not to be outdone by Craig's mother, tells his lie which also starts out with reversed blacks and whites. He gets over to Evelyn the idea that Shelley was a wow on Broadway — such a hit in "South Pacific" that she arranged for her mother-in-law to be taken on as Bloody Mary in that show. Gary's visit ends when he convinces Craig that Shelley's love was bringing her back to him.

Although Gary's next visit brings out a story that is pretty much on the soap-opera side, it has its surprise tricks too. Bette Davis as the wife of the loud-mouthed salesman turns out to be much different from the snappy Bette in the bathing suit shot. She succeeds in making Gary understand why she loved this man who seemed so tiresome and foolish to some but was a real man, "a rock as strong as life itself," to her. She also succeeds in helping Gary work out his own problems.

Miss Davis plays this small role well, although she acts more like a Grand Lama spouting wisdom than an experienced woman. It is obvious that "Phone Call from a Stranger" is trying to be another "Letter to Three Wives." While it isn't quite as successful, it won't by any means bore you. Cinematically it is interesting throughout, but some of the facets of its crowded story don't bear too close scrutiny on moral grounds. The amusing parts of "Phone Call" are very amusing indeed; adults looking for something not too highbrow will be entertained.

MUCH the same can be said about an unusual English film that is playing here now. *"The Small Back Room,"* produced, written and directed by that bright English team of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, hasn't a dull moment in it—in fact it has many brilliant touches—but its story about a man and his mistress also has some shocking aspects that the plot tosses off almost too casually.

Based on Nigel Balchin's novel about the work done during the last war in a very secret research laboratory, this plot is mainly concerned with a scientist who has a wooden leg and an inferiority complex. Because he feels inferior as a lover and also because he is not in uniform, this man turns to drink, and it is not until the end of the film, after he dismantles a bomb (a booby trap set by the Germans) that he is able to start on the solution to his psychological problems.

But what really makes this picture worthy entertainment is its fine acting throughout and the cleverly directed small scenes that the English use to bring minor



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characters to life. The short scene in which the minister (effectively played by Robert Morley in his only appearance in the film) visits the small back room where the scientists are working is a gem. As a commentary on big brass and apple polishing it will be applauded by all who have ever worked with top officials anywhere.

David Farrar is excellent in the leading role; and so is Kathleen Byron as his mistress; and so is the whole cast, which includes Jack Hawkins, Michael Gough, Leslie Banks and others, many of whom play only bits. The directors got a little corny in showing Farrar going through a near collapse when he tries to resist the bottle of Scotch in his room, but the suspenseful later scene in which Farrar courageously handles the mysterious bomb is a masterpiece of tense moviemaking. You may get impatient with "The Small Back Room" at times, but you won't doze.

A MINOR melodrama that has its heart in the right place but gets bogged down in the execution is *"For Men Only."* As a piece of propaganda against the evils of fraternity hazing, it deserves a hand. But when its plot goes on and on and gets involved with a campus belle who tries to make a professor, the film falls apart and becomes just a cheap thriller. Paul Henreid, who produced, directed and plays the leading role of the professor, had an interesting idea for a college picture. Evidently he was afraid to settle for the fraternity exposé alone. He decided to toss in sex, too. That was his downfall.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# Of Note

THE Rev. Dennis J. Geaney, O.S.A., writes on the need for a specifically lay spirituality in the February issue of *Worship* (Collegeville, Minnesota). The following is an excerpt:

> Psychologically and realistically the approach to the development of a sound lay spirituality is through their lay life. Generally speaking the main areas of lay life are occupational life, family life and civic life. Man belongs in his place of work, his home, his civic community like a fish belongs in water. The world is his bailiwick. This is his vocation. Here is where he must be met in the formation of a lay spirituality. It is on this job, in this street, in this city council meeting that the sacraments are to produce their effect. God so loved the world He sent His Son. "He smelt the stench of drains and the perfume of harlots," writes Bruce Marshall. The layman must incarnate Christ in the most sordid as well as the respectable places.
>
> A lay spirituality must envision the reconstruction of the social order. In fact *Reconstruction of the Social Order* is the English title of one of the great encyclicals of our age. Priests and religious do not occupy the front lines in this job. It is the layman's job as the administration of the sacraments is the priest's. The layman cannot do this job alone. The practice of the virtues of social justice and social charity are demanded of him by the fact that he is a layman. For him to stand by rattling his beads or saying Compline and let the world go hang is a travesty of religion.
>
> The business man according to Pius XI has a duty to join trade organizations and the working man for a similar reason has a duty to join trade unions. As a citizen and a Christian he cannot love his neighbor without taking the initiative and reponsibility to bring justice to the millions suffering everywhere. He cannot love people without working for their decent housing. He cannot love Negroes who are barred in every move for a better job or a better neighborhood to live in, without fighting for an FEPC or letting his neighbor know that he would welcome Negroes in his block.
>
> Practicing the virtues of social justice and social charity demands much reading, study, organization, meetings, late hours and in general much inconvenience. For instance, a wife will be alone in the evening with her children while her husband is at a union meeting. Both husband and wife must see the union meeting as the will of God and their vocation as lay people as part of their sacrifice of the Mass. They must see how they by their unselfish devotion to the general welfare of mankind are completing the work of redemption. They must see how "redemption" is to be brought to temporal institutions, as labor unions, as well as to individuals.
>
> In their family life parents are aware how much education the children get outside the home, at the school, the street corner, or neighborhood, through comic books, TV, radio, and a host of other influences that run counter to the things they learn at home. No longer can married people think they can raise a family the way they would like to. The cards are too heavily stacked against them. As family people to effectively carry out their obligations of parenthood they must work to make Christian the institutions that so much affect the lives of their children. This is effectively done only by organization, discussion, and action of groups of people with a Christian outlook.
>
> An integrated lay spirituality must envision man's duties to society in an age that has had no parallel in complexity. Any approach to lay spirituality that does not face up to this aspect of the lay man's life falls into the danger of what Cardinal Suhard calls the heresy of angelism, a disincarnate spirituality. The laity must not become monks without habits and nuns without veils. They are not called to be "nunks."



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# Buckley's Attack on Yale

By LEO R. WARD

IN HIS little book *God and Man at Yale,* William F. Buckley, Jr., raises questions much wider and deeper than the book goes. I am concerned with some of these wider and deeper questions rather than with attacking or defending either young Buckley or Old Eli.

The book is popular and was sure to be popular. This is because it gets into the field of what people assume is beyond criticism. Buckley attacks Yale, or at least he seems to do so, and he seems also to be attacking academic freedom. This is daring stuff. Any big university with a national and even an international standing is a kind of sacred cow. Maybe it ought not to be, but it is. People tend to assume that no one may cast aspersions on such a school as Yale and become touchy if anyone says that academic freedom is to be limited in any way.

Besides, Buckley alleges that at Yale some professors attack God and Christian beliefs and any and all worship, and that some are socialist-minded and attack the capitalistic system.

On these points he has a great chance to score. A big public is waiting for anyone to make such accusations against Yale or any school. Mr. Buckley makes it clear that God and Christ and the Bible, as the word of God, do not get much of a hand at Yale and are honored more in the breach than in the observance. He says that Professor Turner of the History Department has been famous for getting out of bounds (I would say, for getting outside scientific knowledge and method) and abusing his freedom and authority as a professor. Turner, when questioned by journalists, has since said he is an agnostic and not an atheist, but he has not proved that he respects his freedom and authority and keeps within the bounds of scientific knowledge and method. Buckley makes the same point against the late Professor Kennedy of the Sociology Department.

Abuse of this kind occurs, unfortunately, in all big universities. Unless it becomes very marked, it can hardly be stopped. A particular teacher can be advised or even warned by his colleagues and by his department head, and, if he remains a great offender, he might be fired. Still, the abuse will live on. A big school has several hundred professors. Some of them, in spite of all care, will be imprudent, overly smart and caustic. Such things cannot be totally prevented. Put them down in one place and they will come up in another. They are by no means peculiar to non-sectarian schools. Abuses of power—of freedom

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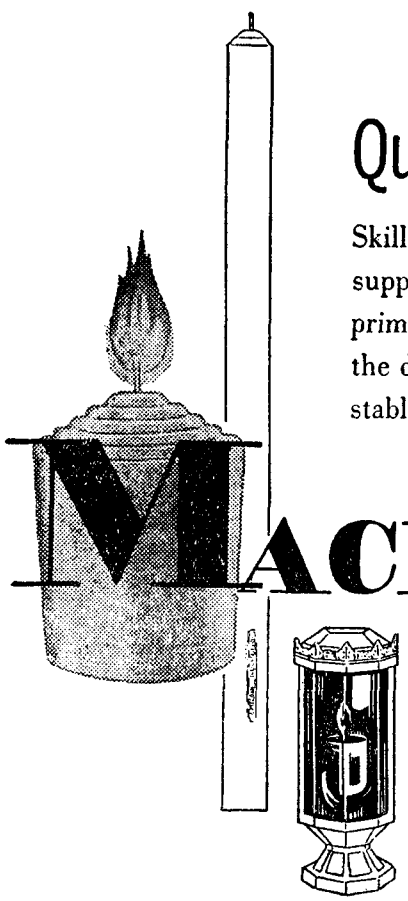

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and authority—occur frequently in Protestant and Catholic and Jewish schools.

In any school, it is easy for a clever professor, entrusted with power over the student, to hurt the student. The professor makes cutting remarks, ten to one quite unscientific remarks, about faith, or justice, or purity, or patriotism, or tradition, or freedom, or God, or about truth itself—and what can the poor malleable little student do, with not a bit of authority and hardly any freedom to his name, against the big irresponsible professor? The professor may have taught for twenty years and have written a shelf of books. He is supposed to know. The student knows very little and is supposed to sit and learn. For him to be bumptious and to challenge the professor—a shining light, a Professor Turner or a Professor Kennedy!—would be ridiculous. The unarmed red-faced boy or girl, in a shaky voice, challenging the mighty man of knowledge—this is funny. The professor has only to wait for the class to laugh at the student. It is easy for a priest-teacher, for instance, to slam the Lutherans without knowing much about them, or for a Mennonite professor to demolish Catholic teachings, of which he is no master at all. Perhaps the professorial abuse is less common in Europe than in America, where most professors come from families with little learning and are therefore among the *nouveaux riches*: a little learning is plenty dangerous for them!

This is a serious abuse, an unscientific and dishonest procedure in education. Far worse is the general, pervasive secularism, common, of course, to all non-sectarian as well as to State universities. A man believes little or nothing. He has no faith in God, or freedom, or immortality, nothing is sacred to him. Still, he is a competent scholar in Sanskrit or astrophysics, history, or sociology. Why should Yale or Chicago or Indiana University ask about his beliefs or disbeliefs when hiring him?

A NUMBER of these people on the faculty, a "weight" of them, can make quite a difference to the life and work of the university. Even one creates a problem. Perhaps he goes to church on Sunday, as Hobbes, who did not believe a thing, did. Whether he does or not, and whether he even takes up the agnostic question, in or out of class, he may unwittingly load things his agnostic way. This is because what a man ultimately teaches and how he teaches is the man himself. Aristotle is scientific, but what he teaches, above everything else, is Aristotle. Einstein teaches mathematics, but what he mainly teaches, in his school and in the whole society, is Einstein.

It is a problem, then, to know what to do, at Yale, at the Catholic schools, anywhere else, about hiring and firing the agnostic and secularistic mind. It would be especially hard for a school like Yale to check a man's beliefs and disbeliefs before he comes in. Unless the man is already notorious (as Turner is said to have been when he was hired by Yale) the school can not be expected to do anything about it.

Of course, if a society is far from being secularistic, if it has great faith, then it is a bit like a giant monastery, and we might ask its schools to examine the beliefs of prospective professors. Other things being equal, believers on the faculty will favor believers; and the agnostic-secularists, who after all have a faith, will tend to favor their kind. But is either group obliged to reject a scholar merely because his beliefs do not square with those of the group?

YOUNG Buckley did not and could not, with his lack of experience, take up the problem of secularism affecting all society and all schools, including the church-related ones. But a word or two can be said for him. He is a good lively journalist and a promising publicist. Professors and whole universities abuse their power and their freedom, and impose on students. The student is licked; all he can do is lose his faith, or bite his tongue. But here is one youthful mind that would not take it lying down.

No doubt he has hurt Yale in some ways. But then Yale had first of all hurt itself and possibly hurt many students entrusted to it; not only Yale, of course, but the run of American universities. It is a tribute to one boy to say that he kept his eyes open, that he effectively resented the imposition and dishonesty and incompetence so common in schools. His book is immature and far from scientific. Yet it is good it was written, good for Yale, good for all of us. And it would be a good thing if any large school, or body of schools such as the Catholic colleges and universities, were now and then to get a comparable kick-back from an intelligent and bold young student or two.

It is easy to demolish nearly all of Buckley. For instance, he tends to identify Christianity and capitalism, and it is said by economists that he does not know much about economics, even about capitalism, and that he does not seem to have any sense for what might be a Christian economic system. But one strange sort of argument against him is that he is a Catholic, or that he ought in some way or other to have made it evident in his book that he is a Catholic. This writer does not get the argument. Buckley merely says—justifiably or not—that such and such is the condition of Yale; that the condition is not one with Yale's traditions and responsibilities, and that somebody — he says the alumni — should do something about it. Why must a man, in saying so much, say that he is a Catholic?

Being a Catholic should surely make a difference to what a man says on some subjects but not on this one. If a man were a Mohammedan, he might say exactly the same things in exactly the same way. So it seems to me, and I want to be shown why it is taken to be not so. Have we arrived at the totalitarian point where a Mohammedan, in order to write a book like this, must first of all say he is a Mohammedan, or perhaps wear an "M" on his forehead?



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# Books

*Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow. Hal Lehrman. Sloane Associates.* $3.75.

THE period of Zionist propaganda literature on Palestine seems to be at an end. Since a Catholic journalist, Mr. Thomas Sugrue, outdid his colleagues in fanfare and sentimentality about the new state of Israel, Jewish journalists apparently see no necessity for continuing in this vein. Instead they are beginning to devote themselves to the more gratifying task of writing about the problems of the new state with matter-of-factness and criticism. Lehrman's book is an excellent effort. A former teacher of history, he has studied the successes and the failures of Israel and is not afraid to uncover the difficulties of the venture in a particularly factual way.

The author makes no bones of the fact that the Israeli are not a nation in the ordinary sense. He describes the new state as a melting pot with a great variety of people of different cultural backgrounds, different languages and different customs. He thinks that even the American pattern during the heyday of immigration was less complex than that of Israel today. He claims that the Jews who are now joining in the construction of a national state had been assimilated to sixty-one different nationalities. He stresses the cultural chasm between the highbrow Jews from London, Paris and Vienna, and the primitive newcomers from the Arabian countries and from Afghanistan. Even the Jews coming from North Africa are not just one ethnic unity but stem from four different origins: Berber Jews, who speak "Shilhi"; Arabic-speaking Jews from Moslem Spain; Spanish Jews from Christian Spain (speaking Ladino); and immigrants who came to North Africa during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries from various European countries.

While it was considered a danger during the Hitler years that an overlarge percentage of the immigrants to the Jewish homeland belonged to the intelligentsia, the last years have brought a great influx of Jews from non-European countries who have a very modest cultural level and only small impulses toward learning. This shifting of the balance from the "learned" Westerners to the oriental immigrants has brought many frictions into the daily life of the new state and caused apprehensiveness among the Europeans. They have an average of two children whereas the Asiatic Jews arrive with eight to ten. Fearful people already see them overrunning the country, lowering the standard wages of Israel and depressing her culture. These are not arguments against the new Jewish national state but realistic indications of some very thorny problems.

The greatest dynamic force for melting these diverse elements together is, no doubt, the army of Israel. It is not without historical irony that people who did so much for the furthering of pacifist ideas have


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now the world's most stringent conscription laws: every adult male under thirty and every female under twenty-seven has to serve for two years. This is considered a practical course in citizenship and adaptation to the hard life of the country, the beginning of a composite Israel out of all the manifold elements.

For decades Jewish literature was filled with theoretical controversies as to whether the Jews were a religious or a national entity. These vague discussions have ended; but the struggle between Jewish orthodoxy and Jewish political secularism is still the most exciting feature of the inner life in the new state. Israel began with great reverence for the old Jewish law; that law was accepted as the basis of traditional national customs even by many secularized Jews. From sundown Friday to sundown Saturday no stores were open, no entertainment of any kind permitted. The hog industry, which might have been a source of income to the treasury, was erased by the rabbinically endorsed assassination of virtually every pig in Israel. Though women played a great role in the professions and the civil service of the new country, they were required to sit by themselves in the synagogue galleries. Strict obedience to the dietary laws was stressed. These tendencies were much criticized by American Jews, who, living in a country of sharp separation of church and state, want religion relegated to the synagogues and the homes; they are afraid of a theocratic state which the mildly orthodox *Mizrachi* and the fanatically orthodox *Aguda* would have liked to create.

About a year ago, a sudden change in regard to secularism developed in Israeli life. The attempt of the religious bloc to take over the education of the children from Arabic lands brought the split of Ben Gurion and his moderate socialist party (*Mapai*) with the Orthodox groups. The trend of education and life in the Holy Land today is toward a moderate secularism with tolerance for the Mosaic Law but antagonism against its enforcement. Lehrman gives many interesting details about this inner struggle, its background and trends. It seems that the Israel administration hopes to create a more and more unified system of education based on the humanitarian American style, leaving the nurture of religious life to private initiative and efforts. Whether the present tendencies will persist or be interrupted by new developments will depend very much on the whole political situation in the Middle East and especially on the standards of future immigrants. Lehrman's book gives a full picture of the enthusiasm and the resourcefulness of the Israel population but, at the same time, the feeling that many developments of the future cannot yet be predicted.

The author avoids all embellishment of fact. He frankly describes the sufferings of the Palestine Arabs during the war and the Irgun massacres. He admits that many Jewish military leaders thought it desirable to expel the Arabs from their Palestine homes, thus creating more room for Jewish immigrants. They were led to this *Realpolitik* position by precedents in the Christian states: the forced deportation of German minorities from Europe's southeastern states, for example, or even by America's wartime concentration of her Japanese in Colorado and Arizona. Lehrman doubts that the Arab states will be reconciled by restitution to these refugees. But as an American he adds another point of view to the Middle Eastern discussion by questioning whether a Jewish state should be excused because of the bad example of other nations instead of living by higher ethical standards.

The delicate question of the fate of the Christian minorities is only touched on in Lehrman's book. Among the Arab refugees from Palestine were about seventy thousand Christians, of whom perhaps twenty-five thousand were Roman Catholics. Their return or the arrival of new Christian settlers is not to be expected. Thus the activities of Christians in Israel, and especially their religious schools, have been reduced and may be further reduced with the permanent influx and growing national consciousness of the Jewish



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population and the propaganda of the religious bloc against the attendance by Jewish children at the schools of French missionaries. In spite of correct relations with the Government of Israel, part of the Christian clergy in Israel is ill at ease and still hoping for a future internationalization of Jerusalem.

There were many people who expected that the development of a Jewish national state might bring conflicts of double loyalties for the Jews of other lands, especially for the Jews of America, who are still considerably more numerous than the Jews of Israel. Lehrman alludes to some of these problems. But today these are almost minor conflicts as Israel collaborates with the Western nations on critical questions of foreign policy. Such collaboration will be more useful to us the more we are disturbed by trouble in the Moslem world.

MAX FISCHER.

*My Cousin Rachel. Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday.* $3.50.

TO appreciate the merits of this novel, it is necessary to have lived a number of years—say, seventeen or eighteen. Those who have passed those years will not know how to judge it at all. For who except the young in heart can appreciate a soft-spoken, glamorous Italian contessa whose tiny white hands seem to flutter when she moves them; an awkward, virile, handsome young man of twenty-five who falls madly in love with her, though he is haunted by the thought that perhaps she poisoned her second husband, his cousin Ambrose; a haughty Italian lawyer, friend and adviser to the countess, who speaks only under half-closed eye-lids, yet not so closed that he cannot follow every step the countess takes?

A strange people the British. Taciturn, pipe-smoking, most at home in the eighteenth century, ideal country gentlemen, often pottering about the plants, always good to the peasants, a race of Ronald Colmans. A strange people the Italians. Small, olive-skinned, obsequious and impetuous, brilliant conversationalists and ready to sell their souls for a piece of seventeenth century brocade. Most natural is it, then, that Rachel, part English, part Italian, should be the most enigmatic type of person. D'Annunzio's little girl who used to loll around on her leopard rug in front of a Renaissance fire-place, a tired cigarette holder dangling from her lips, an inscrutable look in her vacuous eyes was the soul of simplicity by comparison. Did Rachel really poison the first husband, rather the second, for the first was shot in a duel? Is she good, or is she bad? Was Philip, the young man, a monster for permitting her to go to her death? Moral drama did not cease with Ibsen's death.

Some eternally middle-aged unromantic readers will wince as they read of the hero's dive into a cold pool in a moment of great amorous exultation. Not a few Britishers will sigh as they read on and on of right wings and left wings, huge beef pies and puddings, hunting dogs and devoted non-union servants. A few Florentines, the most malicious and disrespectful city-dwellers in all of Italy, will make questionable jokes about Rachel.

But what does it matter? They can not and would not understand. Watch the best-seller list!

SERGE HUGHES.

*Marc Chagall: His Life and Work. Isaac Kloomak. Philosophical Library.* $6.

THE world of Marc Chagall's paintings is populated by angels and ghosts and lovers floating high above the rooftops in a mood of motionless ecstasy. The laws of gravitation seem to be suspended. No reality exists except the reality of dream and fantasy and imagination. Yet this imagination does not permit itself to abandon the objects of the visible world, without which communication is impossible. Chagall's art is deeply rooted in his religious background, in his childhood memories of Jewish community life in Eastern Europe, and in his Jewish inheritance. It is this reliance on a powerful spiritual

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tradition that enabled him to retain his integrity as a contemporary artist. He never belonged to any "school," and he did not surrender his work, even temporarily, to the geometric exaggerations of cubism or to Picasso's destructive influence.

In this well-documented, lavishly illustrated book, one of his closest friends retells the story of Chagall's life and work: of his childhood days at Witebsk, Russia, where his grandfather used to get up on the roof and to sit down on the chimney to eat his dish of stewed carrots; of his first encounter with the experimental, theory-charged groups around Guillaume Apollinaire in Paris; of his escape to the United States in 1941; of the death of his wife Bella, and of his final return to France after the end of the war. It is an eloquent account of a great man's struggle for self-expression, although the book suffers from the author's frequent attempts to impose his enthusiasms upon the reader.

There are other passages which present the material in a less propagandistic manner—in particular the opening chapter which throws new light on the traditional Jewish escape from reality and alienation from nature, which, in Mr. Kloomak's view, is due to the centuries-old confinement to the ghetto, as well as to the teachings of the great Jewish prophets and visionaries, and to the spirit of the religion itself. "The Jewish child," says Mr. Kloomak, "is taught to live by his imagination, to see what is not and to believe in an existence that has no foundation in reality."

The last chapter examines Chagall's place in modern art, his insistence on the human element as distinguished from the purely formalistic or "automatic" approach of our contemporary schools. Since art has become a kind of intellectual shock-treatment,everybody should read what Chagall himself, in his autobiography *Ma Vie*—which, incidentally, has never been translated into English—has to say on this subject:

"We must carry on a war against automatic and atomic evil in life and in culture, against heartlessness in art and in life, though it covers it-



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self with a so-called 'beauty' of form and pure 'technique.' And if you think that it is a dreamer talking, perhaps it is so much the better."

HANS SAHL.

*Shanghai Conspiracy. Major General Charles A. Willoughby. Dutton. $3.75.*

I OPENED this book with some reservations, for it is written by General MacArthur's former G-2, the officer whose reports presumably led MacArthur to make his famous prediction at Wake Island that the Chinese Communists would not enter the Korean war, and that if they did they would be defeated with "the greatest slaughter." General Willoughby has also distinguished himself lately by denouncing as defeatists several reputable war correspondents who reported the American defeats resulting from Chinese intervention.

This time, however, the general is on reasonably firm ground. He gives a detailed and interesting account, based on original records, of a Communist spy ring under the leadership of a German named Sorge which operated very successfully in Shanghai and Tokyo until it was finally crushed by the Japanese police in 1941. This ring was able to transmit to Moscow valuable information on Japanese military preparations and intentions. Some of the persons connected with this ring are still active in Communist front organizations, and possibly also in espionage, in various parts of the world.

General Willoughby's interpretations and conclusions are sometimes less convincing than his narrative. For example, virtually the only major figures to whom he gives a clean bill of health are General MacArthur and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and he seems to feel that anyone who criticizes either of them must surely be pro-Communist. It is, it seems to me, a great pity to persuade the public that the sincerity of a man's anti-Communist views places his public actions beyond criticism.

HAROLD C. HINTON.


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